

TERMS:
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Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements inserted at \$1.00 per square of ten lines (brevier size), first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion.

	3m.	6m.	1yr.
1 square	\$ 7.50	\$12.00	\$15.00
1 col. 10 lines	2.50	4.00	5.00
1 col. 20 lines	5.00	8.00	10.00
1 col. 30 lines	7.50	12.00	15.00
1 col. 40 lines	10.00	16.00	20.00
1 col. 50 lines	12.50	20.00	25.00

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be charged until forbidden and charged accordingly.

Advertisements in local column twenty-five cents per line each insertion. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications can be taken of Anonymous Communications. Whatever is intended for insertion in the Home Journal, must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for its responsibility.

All communications for publication must be written on one side of the page, and with all other communications, should be addressed: Editor of the Home Journal, Winchester, Tenn.

We cannot, as a rule, undertake to return articles not found suitable for publication.

All foreign advertisements must pay in advance. It will be necessary to send advertisements with the request to "publish and send bill." Patent medicine manufacturers must pay according to published rates, and in no instance will their special notices be published except at 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Our Agents are notified that it will be useless to make advertisements for us at less than the above rates. POSITIVELY NO CREDIT, OR BARTER.

Advertisements for all charitable purposes charged at regular rates. Hereafter newspapermen have been expected to contribute in proportion to the public, and then if they charged for their work, it was looked upon as extortion. As well ask a merchant to give money and charge nothing for his goods.

All communications to advance the interests of any individual, or corporate body, must be paid for as advertisements. We shall determine for ourselves what is for the public benefit, and what ought to go into our columns.

Obituaries will be charged for at advertising rates.

Job Work.

We are prepared to execute, in the very latest style, all kinds of Job Work. Our material is all new, and selected by us in person. An experience of fifteen years as practical printers, and a pride in our business, is a guarantee that customers will be pleased. We consider neat work an advertisement of our business.

Our Nonpareil Job Press

is unsurpassed for the execution of Card and other Job Printing, in all colors.

We keep on hand a full stock of Stationery, such as: Letter Heads, Cards, and Envelopes, Flat-Cap, Foolscap, Letter, and Note Paper, Mourning Paper, &c.

Wedding Tickets and Visiting Cards printed in the latest style. Pamphlets, Proclamations, Bills, Indentures, Circulars, Checks, and Blank of all kinds, printed to order.

Franklin County Directory

Mayor and Aldermen.

T. M. Pryor, Mayor. H. L. Turner, J. L. Merritt, Aldermen 1st ward; J. L. Bickley, J. P. Lee, 2d ward; S. M. Smith, J. B. Vaughan, 3d ward; T. J. Jackson, G. H. Lefebvre, 4th ward. Wm. Vaughan, Constable.

8th Judicial Circuit.

Circuit Court for Franklin County held on fourth Mondays of March, July and November. H. W. P. Hickerson, presiding Judge. T. J. Jackson Clerk—Office in courthouse.

3d Chancery Division.

Chancery Court for Franklin County held on the fourth Mondays in June and January. A. S. Marks, presiding Judge. J. B. Vaughan, Chancellor. H. R. Estill, Clerk & Master. Office on east corner Public Square.

County Court.

Held on 1st Monday of each month. Honorable John W. Williams, Judge. C. A. Arledge, Clerk, and J. B. Vaughan, Deputy. Office in Courthouse.

Quarterly Court, held on 1st Mondays of January, April, July and October.

Justices of the Peace.

John W. Williams, Justice at his Saddle Shop, south-west side Public Square. Offices of Justice Finch and Justice Pryor in the row of brick offices opposite Home Journal office.

County Register.

J. J. Martin, Register. Office, south corner Public Square.

County Trustee.

Wm. R. Francis, Jr., Trustee. Can be found at Tobe Turner's Office.

Tax Collector.

Jno. G. Hannah, Tax Collector. Office with County Court Clerk.

County Surveyor.

Col. F. T. Estill. Residence across Bowling Fork, on street or road leading to Decherd.

Sheriff.

D. J. Martin, Sheriff. Office at Braxton's corner, Thos. H. Finch, John Kin-ningham and Alex. H. Finch, Deputies.

Coroner.

John T. Green, Coroner.

Ranger.

John T. Slatter, Ranger. Office on Main Street.

Church Directory.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

Rev. M. H. Bone, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M.—Sabbath School 9 A. M. Prayer meeting 7 P. M. every Friday night.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. J. E. Thompson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10 A. M., and 7 P. M.—Sabbath School 9 A. M. Prayer meeting 7 P. M., every Wednesday night.

Baptist Church.

Prayer meeting 7 P. M., every Wednesday night. Sunday School 9 A. M. This church has no pastor at present, and therefore services are irregular.

Episcopal Church.

Services at the Sewanee Institute every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock, by Rev. M. H. Sneed. Sabbath School 9 A. M.

Union Lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday night, over M. E. Church.

N. H. Martin, Noble Grand; Jas. N. Logan, Vice Grand; Peter Waldman, Treasurer; George Lester, Secretary; Ellis Davis, Permanent Secretary.

Cumberland Lodge, F. A. M.

Meets on the 1st Monday night before the Full Moon in each month.

John W. Payne, W. M.; C. B. Austell, S. W.; C. B. Payne, M. J.; E. B. Reed, Chaplain; John F. Vaughan, Treas.; J. T. Merritt, Secy.; W. W. Martin, S. D.; J. M. Finney, J. D.; Wm. Tait, S. B.

HOME JOURNAL.

VOL. X.

WINCHESTER, TENN., MARCH 30, 1871.

NUMBER 8

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BIRD SONGS.

BY EMERALDA BOYLE.

As I sat in dreamy silence
Noting a gay bird that sung,
In a gaudy cage above me,
By the summer breezes swung,

"Ah, fair lady!" thus it warbled,
"God has given me bright wings;
Yet, behind these gilded wires,
What are they but useless things?"

Could I wield them as He meant it,
I would float through Spring's clear days—
Soar through all the tender Summer—
Flit, and dart through Autumn haze."

Thus, I thought, some human hearts are
Sadder than this captive song;
Held within their gilded prisons,
Mastered by some tyrant wrong!

Useless are their noble passions,
As the wings of this poor bird—
They are never raised for soaring.
They are worthless and unstirred.

Lost are all their stronger feelings;
Lost is all their joy or pain—
Without purpose to their living,
And their singing is in vain!

Sang a bird from out the tree-tops,
In its native unrestraint:
"It is vain to set to music
Dreary words of dull complaint!

Let no care thy forehead shadow—
Ne'er thy face let sorrow line—
Be thy heart with joy o'erflowing,
As this little song of mine.

Bonnie are the Summer flowers;
Woodland birds are singing glad;
All the world is full of sunshine,
Why should'st thou alone be sad?"

MARRIED FOR FUN.

Wedded in a Buggy at Midnight—
A Couple who Would not
"Back Out."

From the Quincy Herald.]

The quiet community round about Ben Bow, a small town in Marion county, Mo., about twenty five miles from this city, was thrown out of its customary even channel two or three days since, and set in social agitation by the extraordinary matrimonial freak of a highly esteemed young couple, in which pluck had more to do than mutual attraction. The sensation created in that the parties did not want to marry, never intended to marry, and had no idea of what they were doing until the wedding was a fact, the result of

A THOUGHTLESS DARE.

The particulars, as obtained from a correspondent shows that the couple, Joseph Chipman and Miss Nannie Hutchison, one evening the present week, were passing the time in a conversation upon matrimony, without, however, any serious import. During the late a tele Mr. Chipman thoughtlessly made the boast that he could back Miss Hutchison out in getting married. Miss Hutchison retorted that he could not do anything of the kind, and challenged him to a trial. The young man declared that he would not go back on what he said, and that there would be a wedding that night unless she concluded to take back the challenge. The young lady was disposed to defy the young man, and while neither contemplated any serious ending to the affair, neither

WOULD GIVE UP.

The bridegroom to be, thought that when the ordeal came the lady would hesitate; the lady believed, for very excellent reasons, that the young man, when the test came, would eat his challenge and postpone the ceremony. How much both were mistaken was realized before many hours had passed. It so happened that there was no authority competent to perform the ceremony nearer than Emerson, four miles away, where a minister resided. The young man proposed to go after a clergyman and have the nuptials celebrated that night. The young lady, got to be outdone in proposition, declared she would accompany him, and save time and trouble. The couple left home in a buggy, late at night, for Emerson, with no intention of figuring as principals in a wedding, and leaving their acquaintances laughing at what they deemed a first-rate joke. Arriving at Emerson, neither of the parties was prepared for surrender, and each determined to see how far the other would go. The minister was hunted up and got in readiness, and at midnight,

SITTING IN THE BUGGY,

the words were said, the parties joined, and the benediction pronounced before they realized the situation. What makes the affair the more interesting is the report that the bridegroom was engaged to be married to a young lady of the neighborhood, and intended and desired to fulfill the contract. He is the son of a well-to-do and respected farmer, and will, it is hoped, prove a good husband. The couple, though married when they did not want

to, have concluded to accept the situation and make the most out of it. Though married on a dare, may they never have cause to regret their midnight nuptials.

THE SEQUEL—A SAD ONE.

From a party residing at Ben Bow, we learned yesterday that the parties to the wedding that occurred in that town a few days since, an account of which was published yesterday, are in a sad predicament. The bride was engaged to a young man in that vicinity, and was to have been, and expected to be married to him in May. The bridegroom was, as stated, betrothed to another lady, and the nuptials were to have been celebrated in a few weeks. The banter which led to the unexpected wedding was made at a party at which were the bride that should have been of the bridegroom, and the bridegroom to be of the bride, thinking at the time that it was a good joke. Consternation prevails among the four most interested, who do not at present see their way out of a disagreeable embarrassment. The married couple have not as yet treated the marriage as a reality, and are waiting at their respective homes until some way shall be found to release them from their difficulty. The marriage was regular and legal, and so far there appears to be no help for the parties, who are sorely distressed.

Cunning and Prudence.

From the Clinton County (Mo.) Register.]
Lessons spelled out on Mother Nature's Lap.

Cunning and prudence are no more alike than the moon and the Newfoundland dog. Some persons have only one word to express the principle of forethought and that is—smart; but that is wrong, because it implies activity, in connection with one or the other.

Cunning is guided by selfishness, Prudence by charity: the first uses deception and falsehood, the other is founded on truth. Cunning beats around a bush and likes to do things in a complicated way. Prudence comes quietly and slowly and in a straight forward way to the point. Cunning takes delight in working under cover around the corner, or in the dark; Prudence is certainly guarded in speech, but deals openly under the broad light of the sun, and is not ashamed of its transactions by hiding them.

Cunning does not even recognize the simplest moral rules, if its selfish ends are accomplished; Prudence is more careful of spiritual, than of worldly interests; the fact is the first is the sign of real foolishness, the other of perfect wisdom—because the cunning man can deceive only fools, to the wise and prudent man he is as transparent as a glass; Cunning may be means of power and wealth assume superiority, and lord it for a while over Prudence, but in the end the latter will conquer and be free.

Do you want to know how to distinguish them? I will tell you. When you meet a man that asks you lots of questions, without being willing to answer any himself; that wants to know how much you earn, how much you make on this and that job, and never exchanges compliments in the same style; who, when he talks to you looks at you from under his eyebrows, or if he has none worth speaking of makes the rim of his hat answer the purpose; if you talk to him on business, or try to make a contract with him, ten to one he will pull out a stick and jack-knife and commence to whittle. To keep him from looking into your eye, and if he does look at you, he does it quick and side ways. He likes to hunt catpaws for his own special benefit, and if they burn their fingers in serving him in his dirty tricks, he calls them fools for their pains. He is what is called very sharp; if you owe him he is bound to have every cent with interest and more if you do not look out. If he owes, he will make a thousand exceptions to the price, too exorbitant, the article is not worth it, and when he thinks he can do it without trouble with the law he flatly refuses to pay. He is a legal thief, as far as the law protects him in his villainy.

He will pretend to great friendship for you, if he can make something out of it, but like the coon, if he has got a hold on you and you want to put him off, he will snap at your nose or nip you in the ear, he will read your correspondence, and other documents, and sets all sorts of traps to get you in his power; bad luck to you if you nibble at the bait. If you don't become his slave and tool, it is none of his fault, and once in his clutches you may wriggle and twist, bite and snarl as much as you please, if prudence does not assist you, you will never get from his power until he has no more use for you. He is incapable of friendship, there is no

such thing for him in existence, it is too expensive, and requires honesty and truth, and these two don't pay in his opinion. It is true. If you make a contract with him, if you unfortunately fail, he will prate a good deal about truth and honesty and hold you to it, but if he fails, that's quite another matter, you have to take his excuses and suffer whether or no; he is never really happy, cannot enjoy the genuine pleasures of a prudent, open and honest man, and dies unregretted and unloved.

The prudent man is different altogether. He minds his own business, and lets yours alone, except to assist you.

He does not care how much money you make, so you make it honestly, and does not hinder you in it, merely from envy. When you converse with him, he likes to look you straight in the eye not with the brazen faced impudence of cunning, but with the beaming light of truth and love in it. He comes straight to the point in what he says, and does not deal in prevarications and mental reservations. As he has no mean, dirty jobs on hand, he attends to his own affairs himself, with the proud consciousness that he is right, and need not hide his work in the dark. He complies honestly and religiously with the maxims: "Do unto others as you wish to be done by." His friendship, if once gained, is unselfish and firm as the everlasting hills, no fear of him making a fool of you. He is careful in his promises, and does his best to fulfill them, for truth sake, even if it cost him all; and just with others; if they fail, never condemning them until proven guilty; he listens to no slander, and respects the rights of others, thereby securing the friendship of all his neighbors.

SANDY CLAWS.

When to Advertise.

The experience of the most successful business men supplies but one answer to this question, and that is—Constantly. *Notoriety is a condition of success in all employments which demand the support of the public;* and there is no way in which this notoriety can be so surely gained as by advertising. When the blood in the human body is sluggish, brisk exercise is resorted to, to quicken it. When the public appetite for your wares is dull, stimulate it by a recital of their flavor and richness. A man may be made hungry by hearing an eloquent description of "good things," which a moment before he had not a wish for. Moreover, the fundamental principles of keeping your name and your business before the people have special force in dull seasons. When trade is brisk, advertise. In the oil regions, when a new well is discovered, a comparatively liberal stream of the owners bore into it and double the oleaginous volume. So when customers are coming in crowds, bore into them with advertisements, and you will tremble their numbers.

The Kind of Women for Wives.

Let the true nature and object of marriage be better understood in accordance with the natural laws, in the physical qualifications of parties entering into it—a proper knowledge of the duties and responsibilities growing out of this relation. Let the qualities more sought for in marriages, be changed instead of the slender form, the small waist, the accomplishment of a fashionable education, the choicest decorations of the person—let a well-developed body, good health, a sound constitution, a practical knowledge of domestic duties, be the qualities most preferred—the indispensable prerequisites. We should then have an increase of healthy offspring, less disease in the family, a far less number of divorces, and a more perfect union between the husband and the wife, in all their interests, comforts and happiness in life.

"It is late hours," says Dr. Lewis, "and exposure to night airs, hot atmospheres, and fatigues, which dries up the juices of youth, and saps the ramparts of beauty—which shrivels the skin into discolored parchment, pinches the nose with icy fingers, and strips the bones until they start like barrel hoops in sickly meagreness." To correct this, go to bed at eight o'clock and sleep until six in the morning. Nature requires ten hours of healthful sleep for all growing persons. Violate this rule and it may not show at first, but the budding beauty of sixteen will inevitably wither into a fading stem at twenty-two.

A letter from B. F. Barrett, Pilot Grove, Grason county, Northern Texas, gives a glowing description of that country, and concludes by saying: "We have good schools and churches, good society, and good clever neighbors, and plenty of gold and silver; but no greenbacks. I hear no complaint of hard times."

Marriage Made Easy.

From the Citizen and Round Table.]

A righteous judgment has overtaken the advocates of easy divorce. For a long time they have been clamoring for an immediate loosening of the marriage tie. The masculine opponents of marriage, as it is now, have contented themselves with insisting upon a revision of our divorce laws, so that ill-mated couples could separate when their union proved too burdensome to be borne. The women have gone further, and asserted that they would be contented with nothing but a change in the present constitution of the marriage relation, so that it should be, not a life partnership, but a mere temporary union, separable at the pleasure of either party. Conservative people were beginning to fear that the radical reformers would carry out their purposes, and that the ancient marriage institution would be practically abolished. The facilities for divorce have steadily increased until it has become a possibility for any wife or husband to put away his or her partner either legally or by a misuse of the forms of law. And now comes Judge Barnard and attacks the free lovers where they least looked for an assault. He does not combat their predilections for divorce, but he increases the facilities for marriage. His recent decision in the Brinckley case will, if followed, marry people faster than all the courts in Indiana can divorce them.

The case is briefly as follows: A man by the name of Brinckley had lived with a woman for years, sustaining to her the relation of husband, and introducing her to his friends and chance acquaintances as his wife. In point of fact, no marriage ceremony whatever bound them together, and the astute Brinckley feared that he could easily discard her whenever he should grow tired of her. The latter event finally happened, and Brinckley quietly deserted her, leaving her to shift for herself. She thereupon brought an action to compel him to support her on the ground that she was his wife. Judge Barnard decided that the fact of the woman having been represented by Brinckley to be his wife, made him legally her husband, and that he could not plead the absence of a marriage ceremony as proof that she was merely his mistress.

The consequences of this decision will be to immediately increase the number of married men and women, especially in this city. Every man who has at some time loosely introduced a woman as his wife, will find himself married to her. Every woman who has lived in intimate relations with a man will claim him as her husband. The mistress of every unmarried man will suddenly become his wife, and every married woman who has a lover will find that she is unconsciously a bigamist. The fact of cohabitation is thus made to supersede the necessity of a marriage ceremony. The man who treats a woman as his wife becomes a husband in spite of himself.

This will be extremely disconcerting to the advocates of easy divorce. While they have been endeavoring to make the dissolution of marriage so easy as to practically abolish the institution, Judge Barnard suddenly counteracts their efforts by making marriage still easier. As the law now stands, people can be married more easily than they can be divorced. Indiana may divorce, but New York can marry. Which will win in the struggle?

A person who is sick enough for night watchers needs rest and quiet and all the undisturbed repose he can get. If one or more are in the room reading, talking, or whispering, as is often the case, this is impossible. There should be no light burning in the room unless it be of a very dim one, so placed as to be out of sight of the patient. Kerosene oil should never be used in a sick-room. The attendant should quietly sit or lie in the same room, or, what is usually better, in an adjoining room, so as to be within call if anything is wanted. In extreme cases, the attendant can frequently step quietly to the bedside to see if the patient is doing well, but all noise and light should be carefully excluded. It is a common practice to waken patients occasionally for fear they will sleep so soundly. This should in no case be done. Sleep is one of the greatest needs of the sick, and there is no danger of their getting too much of it. The air in the room should be kept pure and sweet by thorough ventilation.—[Herald of Health.]

A Washington special says there are 326 defaulting Internal Revenue Collectors in the United States, the total amount of whose indebtedness foots up over \$20,000,000, six-twentieths of which is due from ten individuals.

The Supreme Court will meet next April at Jackson.

Port Carbon, Penn., boasts of a hen forty-three years old.

The Grand Jury of Knox county is after the liquor dealers who sell whisky to minors.

Clarksville is to have a new cemetery, under the control of the Masonic fraternity.

Gen. Jubal Early has been admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of the city of Richmond.

Some seventy Clarksville town lots are to be sold by the Sheriff on the 22d day of next month, for non-payment of taxes.

Col. M. W. Clusky has, "for reasons satisfactory to himself," retired from the editorial management and control of the Louisville Ledger.

A darkey in Petersburg, Va., went to sleep while sitting in an open window, and afterwards fell to the ground below, a distance of thirty feet, without injuring him to any extent.

Miss Georgia Benedict was at work setting type on the Fon du Lac Commonwealth, six weeks ago, when she became religiously inclined, and is now licensed as a Methodist preacher.

The Charleston Courier says: Capt. Hall, of the steam ship James A. Gary, reports a huge water-spout in Hatteras Inlet, and says the water came down in one solid sheet, and in its descent struck a flock of wild geese, killing all of them instantly.

The Masons of the State of New Jersey are at present taking some action with a view to affiliation with the colored Masons, and it is probable that the Grand Lodge of that State will be the first to receive colored Masons upon the plane of common brotherhood.

Beecher capped the climax of heterodoxy in his sermon on Sunday, the 19th inst. According to a special dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer, the Brooklyn parson said: "My impression is, if our Lord and Savior were on earth now, there are very few churches into which He could get, or would be considered as sufficiently orthodox."

One of the candidates in Concord, New Hampshire, believing he was elected, told an ale-dealer on Tuesday night to treat every body who came in during the evening, at his expense, and went home. The announcement of the result showed that he was beaten by seven votes. His successful opponent generously offered to foot the bill.

Of Kentucky stock in Tennessee, the Memphis Avalanche says: "The constantly increasing sales of fine horses in this market reveal a growing admiration for turn-outs which would have astonished everybody a dozen years ago. Large numbers of Kentucky stock are being brought here, and a No. 1 animal find sale at good prices. Only yesterday Joe Seligman, of livery and sale stable fame, left for Lexington to purchase fifty splendid animals for this market."

There is a story in the Des Moines Register about an Ohio girl who came to Muscatine in the spring of 1861, and in the fall enlisted in the 24th Iowa Infantry, in which regiment she served till the close of the war. Then she went back to her father's house, where she was received with open arms, but never said anything about her war history. She invested \$700 of her savings in Northern Iowa land, and became rich. A member of her own regiment fell in love with her, never dreaming that she had fought and bled at his side. So changed was her appearance; but she told him her history, and they were married. Then she told her father about her military career, but he didn't believe her; but he visited Des Moines, consulted Gen. Baker and the records, and found that it was even so.

American Statesmen in 1831.

De Tocqueville, the great French writer on American democracy, has the following to say of our statesmen in his day:

"All are pretty well agreed that, in the early days of the Republic, the statesmen and members of Congress were much more distinguished men than they now are. They nearly all belonged to the class of country gentlemen, a race which diminishes every day. The country no longer selects so well. It chooses in general those who flatter its passions and descend to its level. This effect of democracy, the entire absence of coherence or permanence, that one sees here, convinces me every day more and more that the best government is not that in which all have a share, but that which is directed by the class of the highest moral principle and intellectual cultivation."

WIT AND HUMOR.

—Why are the birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are over dew.

—Why is a clergyman like a locomotive? Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

—That man who knows the world will never be bashful, and that man who knows himself will never be impudent.

—A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman, and thus accosted: "So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony." "Softly, old lady," said he; "you mistake; this is merely the fruit basket."

—A Western editor, in announcing the demise of his paper, says, "The brilliancy of our career has only been equaled by its brevity, and the lack of business management has only been excelled by the lack of business itself."

—A young lady at a temperance meeting said: "Brethren and sisters, cider is necessary to me, and I must have it. If it is to be decided that we are not to drink cider, I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeeze me."

—There is a story of a Paris lady who was so overcome by her appetite as to eat her beloved lap-dog. After a hearty meal she looked down at the little heap of bones; tears fell from her eyes. "Poor Bijou!" she exclaimed, "how he would have enjoyed them!"

—An eccentric minister, in a large parish, had seventeen couples to marry at once in a grand common service at church. In the course of the wedding, he asked one of the men to pledge himself to the wrong woman. The man naturally protested, but was told, "Hold your tongue! I will marry you all now and here; you can sort yourselves going home."

—A neighboring school-teacher tells the following good one: "I was once teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of the session I had time to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. Is this the dunce block? I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out: 'I guess so; the teacher always sits on it.'"

—A young man of the name of Joseph recently tickled a young lady in the church, on North Bars Island, in Ohio. The lady squealed, and the preacher becoming indignant, said women and men should no more sit together under the droppings of his sanctuary. But, even with the possibility of being tickled before their eyes, the ladies refused to be separated, and on the very next evening all sat together. The preacher was indignant, and brought the male portion of his congregation before a justice of the peace. A jury was demanded, and no juror should be a member of the church. Three days the trial lasted, but at last the oppressed went free, and now in church they tickle each other as of yore, to keep awake in an amusing manner.

—A Witty Butcher.—Some years ago there resided in one of the principal towns of Maine, a butcher, who, though illiterate, was not without wit. During one of his diurnal rounds with his cart, he stopped at Judge B—'s, who asked, "What have you to-day, Thomas?"

"Mutton," Judge.

"How much a pound?"

"Two cents and a half. Have some?"

"Two cents and a half a pound!" replied the judge, in affected astonishment. "I'll live on faith before I'll pay two cents and a half a pound for mutton!"

The butcher man paused a moment, and holding out his hand, replied, "Judge, you'll have to diet on repentance sometime before you can live upon faith."